Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell wold haue it, three miſ-begotte knaues, in *Kendall* greeen, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets the, groſſe as a mountain, ope palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

Poines. Come your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtaruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cõpariſons, hear me ſpeak but thus.

Poyn. Marke, *Iacke.*

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtalffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, and ſtill run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, & then ſay it was in fight? what tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maiſters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? VVhy, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules:* but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall wee haue a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall bee, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter Hoſteſſe.*

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince!*

Prin. How now my Lady the *Hoſteſſe*, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Fal. Fayth, and ile ſend him packing.

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.